

From the New York American. MUSINGS, BY FLACUS--IN THE GOUNTRY, FREEDOM TO HER SONS. ALYRIC ON THE TIMES.

A CYPIC ON THE TIMES.

Sons of a danneless race!
That danger could not stocke,
Nor load of croshing trials treat,
Nor longer want delaye.
When strengting Freedom bade them wake
Fa battle for their country's cake.
And save their croshing mother from disgrace
What palsy muchs your insected might?
What thonder it ind spreads monthly night
O'er the meridian splendors bright
That it the happy hand?
Why do the loom and spindle coase,
Deranged, as if by war in peace!
Why do the skill of arriem,
And reaged force of laboring man, And rugged force of laboring man, The during keels of commerce bold,

And regges (see at anosing most. The during keels of commerce bold, ther many schemes—her strams of gold, And all the thousand wheels she roll'd, Ston!!

Degenerate—wherefore do ye pause, In any stress, in dumb surprise!

Your manly stress, whate'er the cause, Had mer the ill in other guise—Bid they surrouder to despair!

Did the stanch seemon tamely stare, In more inaction lost, which were disgrace—Most registed mer thou has a barry who will be the start of the commercial to the start of the commercial which were disgrace—Most registed mer thou has a barry. And all their lances lost?

And shall ye, with far lesser anguish, In such unwerthy stuper languish.

Wake ye shopers—'the not night An eclipse has valle the light For a moment from you sight— But for a moment it where provide, But a systam with private vises; But we stand with terror cross; As al lines, commercial were hor, And come cocks integratering o'er your heads

What though discress awhile denies What though discress awhile denies
Y on point rend trade its hyantees—
And honest lather, struggling hard,
Einds it it at ours its due reward—
By whom was such foul harvest sown!
Alas! the blance—rash children!—is your own.

Alact the blame—rasit children!—is your own.

Ye strode to grasp, at once, the spail fool grants above to potent toil;
And, in the plannic of a day.
Would bear the weath of years away—And think ye Heaven can mark, unmoyed,
Such ceror in a band beloved!
Pricemore the aborting grash was sent,
As a armed, not as ionishment—
Not his rested in case our wonder. [dot!—But, which is shakes, to clear the our, the thin-A pricemor, when the vapors fix,
[Eliar be ighter state our wonder, the thin-A pricemor, when the vapors fix,
[Hard be ighter state our density the filter by the control of the role in the later like bounty will more usure!
It seed we take, the scribe more price As heading as the secongs of bore.
The though that lash, the spors that gash,
To victory negs the base;
The gales that bend, the construct.
Then though the rocking sense be rough,
What care we l—our good ship is tough.
Off lear by the strong ways and gales
Your bank will overwhelm.
While Nature's the breath seedls your sails,
And feedlan keeps the helm!

Desponders, waket ariset

Desponders, wakel arrise!
Rome your shundaring emergies!
No more or plannium special!
And sits in every pang the points.
Flunk of the good which set remains—
Ye are not shiparce be it by the gale.
Have La your moder, quit your soile!
Is not your own—of hards the pride!
Dear leagues as Nature Init!
Do not have glorious sine will time?
Still suck the sea quits to the shire!
Soil suck it has sea quits to the shire!
Soil suck it has earned to the shire!
Do not have rionits, with wealth of eigenway.
Still shower the quickening his drops down!
Do not have mountains yield the plain. Do not her crimile, with weath o 'ergraun, Sulfshower the quarkening the drops down? Do not your monotone yield the plain, From their board marks, the gathered rain? Do not your brining streams still sweep Along their highways to the deep, In boundless, cross-less majors). Say? are their channels dry?

Say! are their channels dry!

And, more than all, does not the plain Wave with in bilony uses of grain; Wherever sown, would more were sown,) How have the biary buryers grown! How the gay head of cern and grass. Nod welcome to ye, as ye pas?

Nod welcome to ye, as ye pas?

Sons, streams, at plants, and drouping show full harvers, adonts, tents and flowers—All Nature's creasure gifes profines.

With health (rejoys, and strength to use, All, ripe for gathering at your door—These, in a baid of rank, and fonce,
Where Law and I rechain reign secure,
Twin-insularity on the throne,—Oh! staine!
Harv ye all isses, and yet are poor!

Sons, of a simple race!

Whose purer have my yet was fired.

With the mad rage to hoard and spend,
Whose purer hathirs scarre required.
More than their stairs sail could lend,
How different your insulate thirs.

More than their sairce soil could lend,
How different your susstrate thirst.
For the besatting hand of goin!
As if the gotten shower were first.
Of all the joys he hearten can rain—
How changed your pride to show profuse in all that foreign arts produce,
Disdaming as hereally your use.
What native skill can give,
As if ye thought, in my domains,
Where every man a monarch reigns,
He that his dignity marchains.
In Kingly style should live,
And deeming traffic's tempting tide

And deeming traffic's tempting tide A shorter route that wealth to win

y which ye feed your pampered pride, How your rash crowds plunged head And, sink or swim who beeds the roar

Of waves that wash a golden shore Ah! none— [and filled n the thronged streams are choken The land forgot is left untilled, And trade is overdone,

What wonder, Manmon's hurried wheels By friction into flames should break! What wonder, from such clouds, in peals The thonder tongue of God should

speak!
And will yo hear, and not improve

Back to the soil! ye prodigals!
Back to your parent earth once more
Whose heart forgives neglect, and calls
The wanderer still to share its store.

Return! your wasteful course despise!

And scorn by stranger to be fed-luce banish foreign luxuries, Ye'll want not foreign bread—

Back to the soil! thence sprang you To shield it through the battle broil; len cling to what their care requires They love it best who till the soil.

I ask ye but to dig, to some
That sail I called your sires to min—
And bury, with the formwing plough,
Your load of gathering woes therein.

Rise, my sons? ye're destined still To lofter sears on Glory's hill—
Freedom still success inseres
To the lond that hest codures—
Then, bound for greatness, speed you on?
Gut for the rare with curve strength alone
'Is nature strength the prize secures,'
Cleared is the track, and height the sun,
To win, to seize, ye've but to run—
Nor Nature's God his part has done,
To do the rest is yours,

THE COST OF WAR.

The incidental losses of var are free three to five times as great as its direct expenses; and yet its ships, and fortifications, and arms, and ammunition, and other engines of death and devastation, cost an incredible amount of money.

Just them's how much good might be gennes, done with such a soin. To keep every family on earth supplied with a Bible at one dedar a-seco, would not take \$10. 000,000 a year; the expenses of a common education for all the children on the globe would not exceed \$250,000,000 a year, mer those for the higher branches, \$150,000 . London. 000; ministers of the gospel, with an average colary of \$500 each, could be farmened one to every thousand couls for \$100 . Low 000 000 -in all, \$310,000,000; while the bare interest at six per cent, on the war expenses of Christendon for only twenty two years, would bring un numal meome of \$900 000.000; mady millions more than would be requisite to support the institutions of learning and the Chrison religion for the whole world?

Did you ever inquire how much see have spent for war? In eighteen years from 1316, a period of peace, we paid for war purposes nearly \$100,000,000, and less than

They did not, however, have him, as the generally the case, in this heartless world, as son as they obtained all his money; but rations of government. In factly one years rations of government. In farty one years cause they found out that he had an estate On the contrary, they praised his verses; to more than \$342,000,000, of which only were atomished at his prese; cat his dim. to more than \$342 000 000, of which only a little more than 37 000 000, one twentya little more than 57 000,000, one for civil offi-third part of the whole, were for civil offi-sin me way. Shuffle in Pape was without a sixpense Shuffle in Pape was without a sixpense Sauffleon Pope was eithent a sixpense when your table site than 50,000,000 a which, amounting at six per cent. to grow which a sixpense when the six per cent. to grow which a sixpense when the six per cent. to grow which a sixpense when the six per cent. to grow which a sixpense and double voing gentlemen, who would try body when we young gentlemen, who would try body on the six per cent. The war should a sixpense when the six per cent. The war should not be a sixpense of the six per cent. The war should not be a sixpense of the six per cent. The war should not be a sixpense of the six per cent. The war should not be a sixpense of the six per cent. The war should not be a sixpense of the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six the six per cent. The war should not be six to the six per cent to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so as to make it passable; but we like to so for the slower on the so as so the six the sould not meet the sould not not the sould

and read Shokspeare; rolled his eyes in whatever other merits it might have been fine phrenzy, bke a duck in a thunder storm, scribled verses in the Pinderick style, without regard to feet—some lines with his tate in his hand, and was informed by Mr. Shuffleton Pope.

Why is no contipede others brief as wit—every body declared that he was a genus.

The waited three weeks, and was labely as a lawer. He waited three weeks, and was labely as a lawer. He waited three weeks, and was labely as a lawer. He waited three weeks, and was labely as a lawer. He waited three weeks, and was labely as a lawer. He waited three weeks, and was labely as a lawer. He waited three weeks, and was labely as a lawer. He waited three weeks, and was labely as a lawer with insurance with a law of the labely as a lawer with law of the lawer with the lawer with law of the lawer with law of the lawer with lawer with law of the lawer with law

Snuffleton Pope was called Pope, be, cause his father's name was Pope—and Shuffleton, after his mothers brother, whose

She spent in our revolutionary war shoot voir own at my death. You may decide for yourself-you can work your farm and \$500 000 000; and the wars of Christen dom, during only tweaty-two years from and let her alone. Sufficion Pope looked at his farm and looked at Louise. The many times more in incidental lossess near-ly purpose the transfer of the control of the contro

> Mr Shuffloten was armoved at his need Air Shuffleton was amnowed at his near ew's decision, but said nothing. Shuffle for Pepe left that a little village was not the place for a genus-like his-but he also said nothing. One fine day he packed up his portmaneau, and with hearly thalf a year's reat in les pocket, he took an out-month and one could be comed and one could. e place on the coach and precorded to London. He might have said good by the Louisa-but he did not. To be rade is

one of the great privileges of genus.

New Smilleton Pope knew nebody, and
London is a large place. Nevertheless,
Smilleton Pope thought that every body
must have heard of hon-Shuffl ton Pope
the genus of South Cobley 1- but ne soon a out that not only they had not heard P South Contex was supportunition decovery, Stuffl ton Pope conceived a most ineffi-contempt for Lewisdon in general and the people the of horel at which he resided in particular. Notwitistanding Mr Shuffl ton pe's opinion there are some very cley genuses in London, who bound him out the nitived to shift the major part of his ney not of his peckets into their own. nerse-strank has wines, and declared, more ver the Smill ton Pope was a genius,

Shuffleton Pope, however, was precisely great difficulty in beginning a moral tale: Pope's tunds were used up, and the money of his mather's opinion—he were his collected and considerable difficulty in continuing leaders refused a forther supply.

If down, and his neck here; his have bung it and that the tail of the tale on long curls down. his back, he mutter great deal of labour. At last was come. Shuffleton Pope, as he sat outside of the plet d, and certainly was a moral tale.

Int in a low days not supposed every one should declared that be was genus.

Mrs Shuffleton Pope stopped every one she met to tell them of the wonderful talents of the won catalogue of observations and expectations or left his button helimit; if it were
a woman she held her fast by he gass
sleeve, and the party must take her choice
to hit an patiently, or to leave two yards of
calcube way of indemnification. In one
point all were agreed that in making out
her son to be such a lion, Mrs Pope proved
herself to be a bore. So things went on
and Smilleton Pope ar reed at the age of
cighteen, and Mrs Smill ton Pope dieds—
and, what was more unfortunate, her inand, what was more unfortunate, her inand what the publisher. It did not a pope are in print.' So Mr. Shuffleton Pope
down here to look at the fund to down here to look at

Sholleton. After his mothers brother, whose many war short in actual service are more than one thousand dollars a day; and there are in Christendom between two and three thousand such situps. Engiand lavished upon Lord Westings, to only six years' services, nearly specially s

I hope you have seen that your article has

I have, Mr. B. but it was considerably

Very true, sir, that is always left to the

our cared be see zed at with the joyful clutch of anticipation. But this is a world of disappointment. The moral tale did not appear; and again Mr. Pope was obliged service—the girl has a fondness for you. To refer to the notices of correspondents. By the by, I ought to tell you before you where he found: Moral Tale, by S. P. in see her, that she is not the handsome girl our next. Another anxious month, and at that she was; she went away on a visit and least Mr. Shoulder anxious month, and at

con down the afready cut down tale, to at tenst one half of us previously reduced form; and that, instead of leaving it a moralitale, he had alreed it to a short tale. This strot bad, 'thought Soulliston Page nevertheless, it is very true. It was a moralitale when I first sent it in; now it is only a short one. But I have at last an persent heles, it is very true. It was a moralitale when I first sent it in; now it is only a short one. But I have at last an persent in print, and South Cobbey shall enough to get in gran, still be admered to the magazines, and surrounded his own a accorder and had not strength to get in gran, still be admered to his resolution; and the poor gril, who has article with in it lines, like a newspaper is morning, that there might be no instake; he despatched them off to all his acquaintance at South Cobbey, who, when they had to gay two shillings and one-perce for the down to had, and it is the property of the property of the south in the lines are proposed can be used to the south of the magazines. He considered make the price of the magazines, that he considered in south it is not looked as a south of the prevention o

the acquaintances of our hero was a gen them of the press, a sort of panaya hiner, who after his work had been measured, as they do a carpeater's with a feet rule, and he had received so much per liner, found that he did not exactly build up his fortune as fast as he could will. "Goodmorning, sir, replied the publisher, the nequaintances of our hore was a gen those you have seen that your article has been most left in work had been measured?" *Very true, sir, that is always left to the adjoint of the eddor. In magazines we againet very concentrated writings."

Thinks Shoffleton Pope, you made to the soft of my tale.

Pray Mr. B. what do you generally pay or these articles?

Pray art! replied Mr. B. why, really, is, without a gentleman states his price.

When understand that the dol not exactly head on his fortune as fast as he could wish, and that the table of Mr. Shoffleton Pope was a gentleman to my tale.

Pray art! replied Mr. B. why, really, is, without a gentleman states his price.

When understand that the soft not exactly head on was really to supply another upon the same terms, the publisher modestly hinted, that he lad stopped the supplies. We must now pass ever three years during which our here-struggled, and as he strong-gird became mere and more entangled in the messics of poverty. At first, his name or compensation publisher was the incans of his writing a few Pray, sat! replied Mr. B. why, really, sit, without a gentleman states his price when he sends in his article for decision, we consider it graits. "We understand that the very clever when he sends in his article for decision, we consider it graits."

"Gratis! exclaimed Shuffleton Pope.

"Always, sir—indeed otherwise we could not price in the min. The editor has had a great deal of trouble, sir, with your tale, so as to make it passable; but we like to oblige young gentlemen, who would try their hands—were you not much pleased to see yourself in print?"

"We understand that the very clever short the relation of his writing a few such that the index of his writing a few short tale in — Magazine, is from the higher was the ineans of his writing a few short tale in — Magazine, is from the plustic soun burst, and Mr Shuffleton Pope as very promising young writer." This had endeared him to our hero, who always welcomed him to his table when in London, and if no one less deplicated the absence of Mr Shuffleton Pope this gentleman did. To recall him, rouse him from his ingle-ring thands—were you not much pleased to see yourself in print?"

We understand that the very clever short the other magazines, but the higher was the ineans of his writing a few short tale in — Magazine, is from the higher was the ineans of his writing a few short tale in — Magazine, is from the higher was the ineans of his writing a few short tale in — Magazine, is from the higher was the ineans of his writing a few short tale in — Magazine, is from the higher was the ineans of his writing a few short tale in — Magazine, is from the higher was the ineans of his writing a few short tale in — Magazine, is from the higher was the ineans of his writing a few higher. The higher higher had higher was the ineans of his writing a few higher higher was the ineans of his writing a few higher heads when higher higher higher higher was the ineans of his writing a few higher h

now which, amounting at stay per cont, to \$100,000 a year, would more than \$100,000 a year, would more than \$100,000 a year, would more than the seek, where he was a significant of the wind year and the seek of the seek of

Hants, which

happy to inv or esteemed contribu-want an article for next tors. We shall we tors. We shall want an article in next March, say twelve or sixteen pages, and

hat, although in the month of February; the blanks followed the counterpane—the sheet followed the blanks:—at last Mr. Shuffleton Pope followed the sheet got up and struck a light. He felt inspired -bis suppressed genius now bubbed and gushed forth like a foundin. He sat down to his article in his shir, and so wranged up was he in it, that he required no other wrapper. He opened a box containing all his rejected contributions, and with their assistance commenced "The Tale of Mystery-a fragment." Geniuses always delight in fregments; indeed they generally dine and sup on one of them -Had be called it many fragments instead of one, he had been more correct, for he com-menteed it with a piece of a moral essay, on to which he devestabled part of his tragedy, threw in a spice of politics with part of his consedy, a little bit of his farce, and wound it up with person and stillettoes. tale of mystery, sure enough, for no one nints as O Connells tail, as incongruous as them, and his them only leading to one and. At hor o'clock in the morning, Mr.

gred became more and more entangled in the mostics of poverty. At first, his name so conspicuously not forward by the pub-lisher was the means of his writing a few articles for that other magnames, but the